Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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A LOVE GAME.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE "GERMAN INVASION" ENDED.

The Royal Family Get a Real Holiday at Last.

The Prince of Wales had such a good time in Germany that it was natural the Germans should come over with the assurance that their hospitality would be requited. Never was there such an invasion of German royalties as at the end of the season. Prince and Princess Frederich Charles of Hesse and their children (who mostly stayed at Eastbourne); the Landgrave of Hesse; Prince and Princess Eitel and Prince and Princess Auguste Wilhelm (sons and daughters-in-law of the Kaiser), and Prince Henry of Prussia (the Kaiser's brother) were all in great form during the first days of the month, though Society saw little of these German visitors, who are mostly so unknown in this country as to be rather difficult to "take out." The "rush North," however, soon ended the "invasion," and at the earliest possible moment the Royal Family began its exodus to Scotland, beginning with the Princess Royal and her daughters, the Battenbergs, and the sons of King George and Queen Mary. This is Society's "holiday," and the few days before the opening of the shooting season are perhaps the only days in the whole year when people, especially Royalty, are not "on duty!" For a fortnight or so they can "do as they like"; for the rest of the year they are as much the puppets of the public as the characters in a Punch-and-Judy show.

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King George's Queer Costumes.

King George has been seen in some curious costumes lately, and he takes after his father in being very adaptable in this matter. At the last State Ball His Majesty wore the kilts of the Black Watch, in which he looked remarkably well. At the Duke of Norfolk's banquet his Majesty wore frock dress, with the Garter round his left knee, and knee breeches. The King has a partiality for brown bowler hats, too, and he has frequently been seen in his brown hat since the beginning of his reign. But Royalty no longer sets the fashion sartorially, and, although the last two kings have been bearded, whiskers are not the vogue, nor likely to be.

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The Prince on the Moors.

But the King's favourite garb is the knock-about one in which he appears on the moors in Scotland. This year I hear that the Prince of Wales is to accompany the King on the moors. Under the tuition of Mr. Jackson, the late King's head-keeper, the Prince of Wales has become a splendid shot. His favourite gun is the one with which King George first began to shoot grouse. The King is one of the few sportsmen who have not taken up the use of the hammerless gun, His Majesty still making regular use of a pair of guns which were given him at the time of his marriage by the people of King's Lynn.

Cowes and the Gorts.

Cowes regatta interests but a small section of the... but with our Sailor King appropriately winning... premier yachting function acquires new significance... is the one Society function where everybody knows... body else, and a stranger is rare. There was one... absentee this year, however. Princess Henry of Battenberg... who has been deserting the Garden Isle for some... not at Cowes during the race-week for the first... years. The other "old faces" were nearly all there... ever, including Eleanor Lady Gort, with her... Colonel Benson, who always give such delightful... East Cowes Castle.

This year they had Lord Dundonald and Lord... Barrington with them, but Lord Gort's duties... Grenadiers kept him absent. Lord Gort is a very... young fellow. His mother, the hostess of East Cowes... was the heiress of Charles Surtees, of Hamsterley... Durham. She married the fifth Lord Gort, and... up her sons with notions of modesty very unusual... Peerage. Consequently young Lord Gort develop... really charming fellow, and two or three years... married his pretty cousin, Miss Vereker, and... they have usually assisted Eleanor Viscountess Gort... pleasant parties at East Cowes. One of the... Gort's hobbies is the Dumb Friends' League, to... excellent work she takes great interest.

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The Duke of Westminster at Home at Last.

The Duke of Westminster has at last taken some... forcible possession of his country seat in Cheshire... impossible not to sympathise deeply with Hugh... who is very much a man of the people, and a... hearted fellow, in spite of his rugged sporting... His Grace "married for love," but didn't find it... wasn't going on his bended knees for it either, for... one will blame him. Anyway, he has for years... pretty duchess "in possession" at Eaton Hall, and... had a good time, and entertained whom she... Duke has kept at a convenient distance; Cairo, Scotland... the Basque country, and Grosvenor House in town... being his chief resorts, and once a year he and she... meet at the big crush which they give annually at... House, and smile benignly upon one another... to say "Curse you, how I love you!"

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The Duke Determined to Renew His Acquaintance with His Tenantry.

But the Duke has at last got homesick and... he is not quite a stranger in Cheshire. So... Duchess have arranged things to their mutual... The Duke and his wife have been too often on... nerves to risk it any more, so, in order that the... appear at Eaton Hall as the lord of the manor, who... has taken a place at Ham for the summer, where... her servants have gone into residence, and the... returned to Eaton Hall, where he has for years... a stranger. The Duchess will, however, pass the... summer with her people, Colonel and Mrs. Corrie... at Newlands, in Hampshire, and we can only wish... young Duke a happy time amongst his own tenantry... the autumn compels him to go abroad again, and... the Duchess may continue her career of charity... ancestral hall, whose Lord is only permitted... visits!

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"An Impossible Couple."

Neither the Duke nor the Duchess have ever got... the death of their little son, Earl Grosvenor... only boy, and though little Lady Ursula is a... she is not in remainder to the titles. Katherine... Westminster "goes her own way," and lets the... Duchess do as they like, without any advice from... has her charming daughter, Lady Helen, to look... as that young lady's love affairs never seem to... Her Grace has quite enough to do without bothering... Hughy and his wife—"an impossible couple"... forcibly remarked to Lord Cadogan.

* * *

The Expected Event at Floors Castle.

Talking of dukes makes it impossible for one... tion the feverishness in certain elevated quarters... event which is momentarily expected at Floors... was there a child not of the Blood Royal who... was the cause of so much anxiety on both... Herring Pond! New York is simply seething... tion. Another prospective Anglo-American...

TENDER-HEARTED.

He: "Why does Miss Howlaway close her eyes when she sings?"
She: "She has a very tender heart, and can't bear to see how we suffer."

about to be born! That, of course, is the Yankee of view! In Scotland, however, it means that if the ess of Roxburghe's child proves to be a son, the veil inction which has so long hung over the Innes-Ker is lifted! So the young Marquess of Bowmont will a thrill of real, unaffected delight through many ede of hearts when he appears. He has been wept for—over a decade!—and many are the tears that been shed at his non-arrival before. And it is really that he should have signified his intention at such th of time, for the marriage of his parents—a proud Duke and an aspiring American millionairess!—is alliance of its kind which turned out a real love

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the Goelets Got Rich.

Goelet, when she became Duchess of Roxburghe, was America's richest heiresses. She was, too, a young with an interesting pedigree. In those fierce old days the Huguenots fled from France and Holland at the of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Goelets among the refugees. Many of the Huguenots came gland, and many drifted to the New World. Among ter was Francis Goelet, who had escaped from le and, after a brief stay in Holland, arrived at New dam (as New York was then called). His son married ghter of another Huguenot refugee, and so did *their* n. But it was Peter and Robert Goelet who laid the tions of the Goelet millions. They foresaw the com- rom in land in the neighbourhood of New York, so ut all they had into land speculation, and waited o develop itself. They had the satisfaction of seeing ildings double and treble in value, and together the resided in a substantial house on the Broadway of ork, one of them being a rather eccentric old , with a passion for collecting rare birds of gaudy

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al Family Faced by Extinction.

Goelet's zoo of feathered beauties used to be one ights of New York, many of the fine birds being to wander about the rooms of his house. Peter's married Sarah Ogden, and their son was the late len Goelet, whose son, Robert, and his sister May chess of Roxburghe) inherited between them a large the fabulous wealth of this family. The Duke of he is one of the few peers who have no town house. ke and Duchess have of late gone in for golfing rather extensively, and they have an ideal residence in Floors Castle, where many old customs are kept up.

In days of yore the Innes-Kers possessed no insignificant influence at Court; and the Dowager Duchess (the Duke's mother) was for some years Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria. During her widowhood Queen Victoria paid the Duchess a visit at her Scottish residence, Broxmouth Park, and planted a deodar tree there. The Innes-Kers are one of the smallest families among the nobility, and although the Dukedom is over two hundred years old, and the Roxburghe barony three, the heirs to their strawberry leaves could be counted on the fingers of one hand! So there is nothing to wonder at in the excitement which just now prevails at Floors!

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General, Mayor, Numismatist and Peer.

That genial old general, Lord Cheylesmore, has been in America lately. He has been the inspiring genius of the Military Show at Earl's Court this year, and he never seems tired of "doing." His wife is, of course, one of our most dignified Americans, and Lord Cheylesmore's meeting with Bessie French, of New York, was rather romantic. Some years ago his Lordship was in command of the Grenadier Guards, and the regiment having got into bad odour it was sent to the Bermudas by way of punishment. Lord Cheylesmore (then Colonel Eaton) took the regiment out to the West Indies, and there he was compensated by meeting Miss French, who had money and good looks, and has been an ideal wife to the General ever since their union.

* * *

A Remarkable Array of Medals and Crosses.

As Mayoress of Westminster she was graciousness personified, and she always cuts a fine figure upon her husband's box-seat. Coaching is not the chief of Lord Cheylesmore's hobbies, however. He is one of our greatest numismatists, and his work on medals is accepted as a standard. Lord Cheylesmore's collection of medals is unique. It includes eight Victoria Crosses, and nearly 150 Waterloo and Crimean decorations, besides a number of Orders and other distinctions conferred by foreign sovereigns on British subjects. Lord Cheylesmore is not one of our military peers, as many people suppose. The barony was conferred upon his Lordship's father in 1887, it being one of the late Lord Salisbury's creations. The Eatons are, however, a very old family, and the title was taken from a venerable manor of the family near Coventry, which had once been owned by the Black Prince.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

A Cure for Road-Hogs.

An exceedingly shrewd suggestion was made by the Manchester coroner, Mr. A. E. Gibson, last week during an inquest upon an old man who was knocked down and killed by a taxicab. The jury in this case, by the way, brought in the customary verdict of "Accidental death," with a curious rider censuring the chauffeur for not adopting every possible means of stopping—the verdict and rider being, in our opinion, absolutely irreconcilable. Mr. Gibson expressed the opinion that the "abominable instrument" known as a horn should be prohibited, as then drivers would have to look out instead of sounding it for everybody to clear out of the way. There is good sound sense (no pun intended), in this remark, for any man who frequents the streets of London or other large towns sees scores of narrow escapes from reckless drivers who evidently believe they have done their whole duty in making a hideous noise upon their approach. The pedestrian must do the rest, and woe betide him if he be old or lacking in agility. To motor-drivers and to jurymen who have to hear the evidence in case of fatal accidents, we commend the words addressed by the Manchester coroner to the driver concerned—"It is your duty to be prepared to stop. It is not other people's duty to avoid you, but it is yours to avoid them."

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A Suggestion for the Railways.

Smoking is nowadays so universal and so ubiquitous that we have almost forgotten those not very distant days when it was considered ill-bred to smoke anywhere except in privacy within the four walls of a house. Indeed, the only reminder of these early-Victorian notions is to be found in the attitude of the railway companies—in the South of England, at any rate—towards the smoker. We are told that regular travellers upon suburban and South Coast lines have protested until they are tired of protesting against the entire insufficiency of smoking compartments. The proportion is, we believe, about one to every five non-smokers—utterly ridiculous accommodation in these days. For their own sakes the South Coast lines ought to provide seating accommodation for all who desire to smoke, if only as some slight palliative during the irritating delays which are the rule rather than the exception. A man who has been deprived of his tobacco for a couple of time-table hours is far more likely to be aggrieved if the actual time of journey be expanded into two and a half or three hours, in accordance with custom, than is the more fortunate individual who is able to solace his period of enforced inaction by the use of the fragrant weed. It is at the request of numerous travellers that we write this paragraph, which ventilates a very real grievance among habitual travellers.

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The Weekly Half-Holiday.

Though decidedly averse from grandmotherly legislation, we certainly have no sympathy with those shopkeepers who continue to "kick" against the Shop Hours Act on the grounds that they cannot afford to close owing to the consequent loss of trade. With some slight knowledge of the fascination which a well-displayed shop window exercises upon the fairer sex, we should not go so far as to say that people have only a certain amount of money to expend and must spend it later or earlier, according as they have opportunity. The records of the County Courts would disprove such a statement, to say nothing of the revelations of extravagance provided almost daily by the Bankruptcy Courts. Nevertheless, we believe that in the long run the closing of shops at six o'clock every evening and on Saturday afternoons would not make the difference of a row of pins to the shopkeeper. That is the experience of our Colonies, where early closing and Saturday half-holidays are almost universal, and where their inauguration met with very much the same chorus of protest from tradespeople. Late shopping is only a bad habit which is very quickly cured, and no tradesman cannot make a living during the prescribed hours it would be best for him to resort to sweeping crossings or some other occupation equally suited to his energies and capabilities. It is all to the good of the physique and morale of the race that jaded brains and bodies should have periodical rest—and we do not think there can be many callings more jading and soul-deadening than serving behind a counter.

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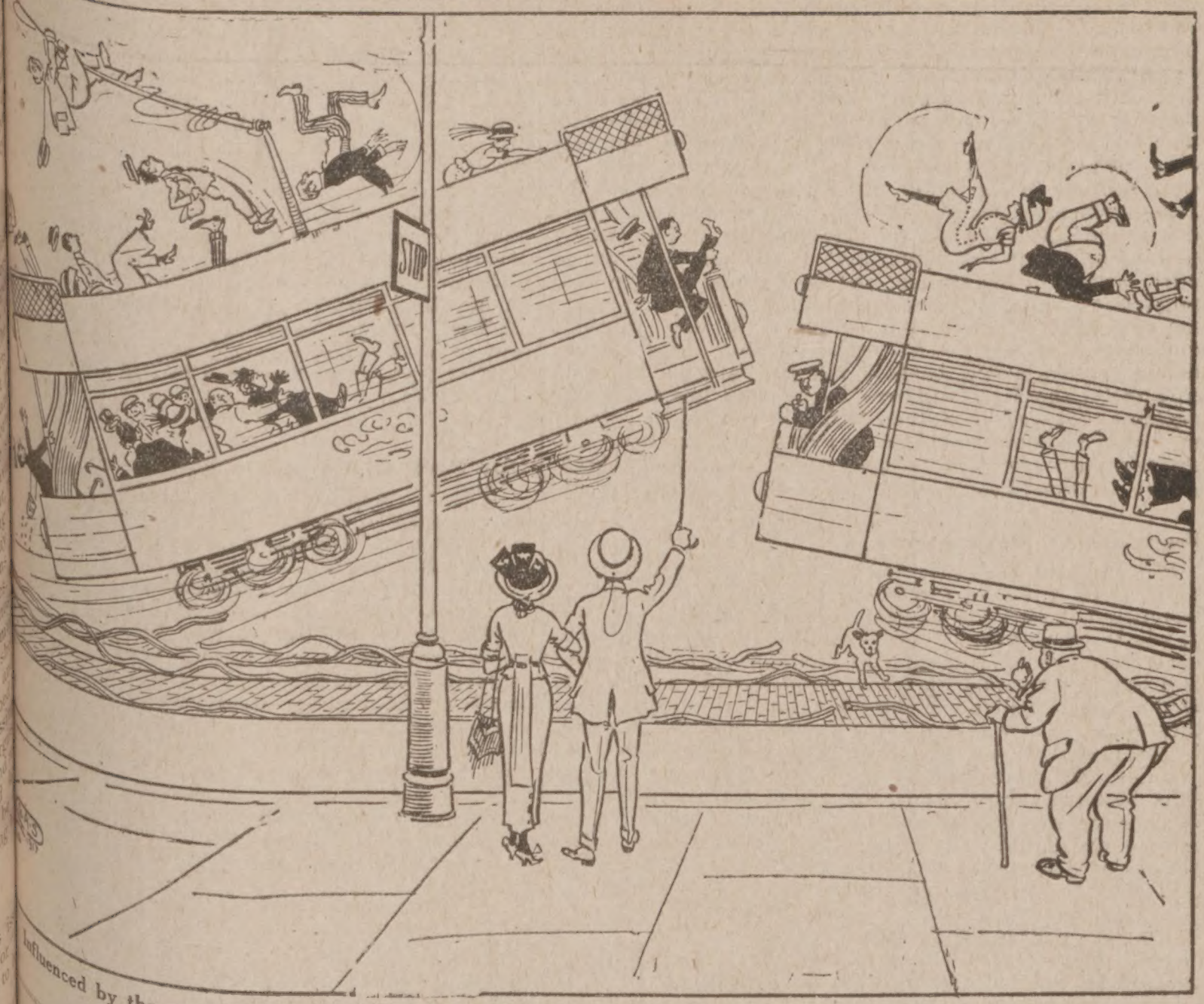
Undressing to Music.

An enterprising Parisian gramophone firm has issued a catalogue offering a special repertoire of records for "evening sleepers," and for "bringing gentle slumber to

He: "I saw Daphne in the Park just now. She has got a new trap."
She: "Oh! Had she caught anybody?"



Influenced by the prevailing craze, and assisted by the condition of the track, certain of our suburban tram-cars have taken to rag-time. (News par).

The idea is worth encouragement. If people have gramophones it is as well that they should be put to practical use beyond annoying the neighbours. The long-suffering husbands might be able to speed up their better halves' process of dressing for the theatre by playing on a lively rag-time—we had almost said "melody." Certain tunes immediately suggest themselves as suitable to the various phases of the process of disrobing, but we refrain from indulging in suggestions on the point, as this is only paper. We fancy, though, that the gramophone would be a poor second, as an awakening instrument of the harmless necessary alarm-clock, for it would be proof against a vigorous remonstrance in the form of a well-aimed slipper. Thus it would be an expensive toy only within reach of people who can afford to get up when they like.

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Doctors in Congress.

Coming at a particularly dead season, when there was need to fill the newspapers, the International Congress of Medicine has received very liberal treatment from the Press. Of course, on its merits the Congress was entitled to all the newspaper space that was given it—even in these days of largest circulations we are accustomed to see really vital subjects crowded out of the news-columns by columns of reports of the latest murder, or the recent fashionable divorce. That is our pleasant little way of demonstrating the truly high moral tone of our papers and the keenness of public opinion. It seems a pity, though, that the many doctors could not have decided among themselves whether a slight difference between 5,000 and 10,000, both of which figures were equally confidently advanced by reputable morning papers, and we hesitate to make the suggestion that the representative of the more optimistic journal had reached the stage of seeing double before he sat down to write his reports.

* * *

Scrub for Anti-Vivisectionists.

Even so many interesting matters were discussed it is impossible for a mere layman to deal with more than the salient items of the agenda before the Congress. Perhaps the most important thing of all was the unanimous declaration of the doctors, in full Congress and in committee after committee, in favour of vivisection. The Lind-af-Hageby case has scarcely died down—indeed we believe the *Daily News* is still trying to collect the lady's legal expenses—when eminent physicians and surgeons gathered together from the four corners of the earth emphatically and convincingly demonstrate that the sickly sentimentalists who carry on a persistent campaign of calumny against scientists working for the future good of mankind, are in reality enemies of their fellows. It is significant that the cult of the lapdog—never so prominent as at present—and of restricted families should synchronise with the greatest activity of the anti-vivisectionists. The supporters of these phases of modern civilisation all come from the same class, to a very large degree, and in the real life of the nation and of the race they are really a negligible factor.

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The Greater Enterprise of Foreign Doctors.

It is also significant that most of the real advances in medical and surgical science come from other countries, where the restrictive influences of the anti-vivisectionists have no tendency to restrain the march of progress. Perhaps, however, the inferred compliment to these influences is too flattering. The real reasons why England lags behind are two in number—the lack of funds to endow research and the inherent conservatism of the British doctor, who never adopts a new remedy until it is absolutely forced upon him. Specifics such as Salvarsan, for example, are unhesitatingly used, with splendid effect, in thousands of cases by hundreds of doctors on the Continent, while in this country doctors pooh-pooh the experience of their foreign confreres, and smugly preen themselves upon their avoidance of anything in the nature of experiment upon the bodies of their patients. Continental doctors, moreover, have not that squeamishness with regard to patent advertised remedies or appliances. If a thing is good they use it, whereas to an English doctor anything in the nature of a patent medicine is like a red rag to a bull.

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The Seaside Eye.

Of course doctors are notoriously liable to disagreement, but then people who never disagree with others never learn anything, and it is for the common good that wits should be sharpened by being rubbed against one another. Thus the congress provided a most amusing difference of opinion

anent the Piltdown skull, a topic which is not of absorbing interest to the general public, who are not even mildly concerned in the question whether or not civilisation really does date back for a million and a half years. To most of us the next million seconds are of infinitely greater importance than the past million years. Indeed the Piltdown jaw may turn out to be the jawbone of an ass—and we should still sleep soundly in our beds. Of far greater concern is the announcement of two new diseases, the seaside eye (no relation to the glad eye), and the aeroplane ear. Fortunately—or unfortunately—the great bulk of the people do not go often enough to the seaside, and do not find the sun a so frequent visitor at the same time, that they will worry about the ill effects upon their eyesight of the sunshine glittering upon the waves. We imagine some of our holiday-makers would be only too glad to take the risk. And as for the aeroplane ear—the more or less temporary deafness produced by altitude or by the rush of the wind—we fancy that won't trouble more than a favoured few. The great majority must remain content with an aeroplane neck, acquired without ever leaving terra firma.

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Premier and Deputations.

It is adding a new terror to the life of a Prime Minister if he is to be bound to receive all deputations who wish to interview him on woman suffrage—or any other subject, for of course all manner of freaks and faddists would quickly claim the right if it was conceded to one—irrespective of his own engagements and convenience. Put tersely, the outcry of the Scotch bailies and the "Men of Hampshire," when they were politely refused an interview with Mr. Asquith, is nothing more nor less than blatherskite. Take, for example, the reported utterance of one of the three Hampshire men (we refuse to advertise his name) who succeeded in reaching the doorstep of 10, Downing Street. He expressed the opinion that "they ought to pick up a few phrases of Russian, as it appeared they were not living in a democratically governed country like England." Puerile twaddle! The people of England do not expect their Prime Minister to spend the whole of his time in listening to half-baked arguments on suffrage, or anything else, from deputations of fussy interfering nobodies who are seeking a little cheap advertising—and getting it, worse luck! If it is once conceded that any body of men, or women, at a time chosen by itself has the inherent right to interview the Prime Minister or any of his colleagues, whether for the purpose of unloading a lot of stale arguments or even of throwing fresh light on a knotty subject—well, the principle of representative government may as well put up the shutters at once! If people come from Scotland or from Hampshire, after a polite refusal from Mr. Asquith to receive them, and persist in trying to force themselves upon him, they musn't expect sane people to do anything but laugh at such a bumptious display of self-importance, and the disappointed shrieks and appeals to constitutional rights will be taken at their face value—wind.

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The Wailings of a Briton.

If ever we are hard up for a subject to write about we always turn with confidence to the correspondence corner of the *Daily Mirror*. It is an unfailing source of quiet amusement, and also a fair criterion of the intelligence of the average reader of that marvellous journal. Apparently disappointed readers who haven't succeeded in getting their portraits printed as being the latest fool who didn't know the gun was loaded, or for some other equally cogent reason, tumble over one another to write letters to the editor—a practice which in itself denotes a disordered intellect unless the writer wants to receive, and not impart, information. This week we have culled a choice specimen from who takes strong objection to another writer's "No Englishman's place will be taken or replaced as long as he knows his trade, which he must know England or Canada." "Briton's" contribution ject is typical of the doleful wailful attitude of "patriot" who is always ready to believe his going to the dogs. "Owing to the peculiar and tary condition in which aliens generally live, they work for less money than the Englishman, knowledge, and they therefore get the jobs. lishman the knowledge of an encyclopædia be in any better position." Nice cheerful way isn't it? Presumably then, we must scrap our education and other amenities of civilisation and level of pigs, before there can be any hope for the country.

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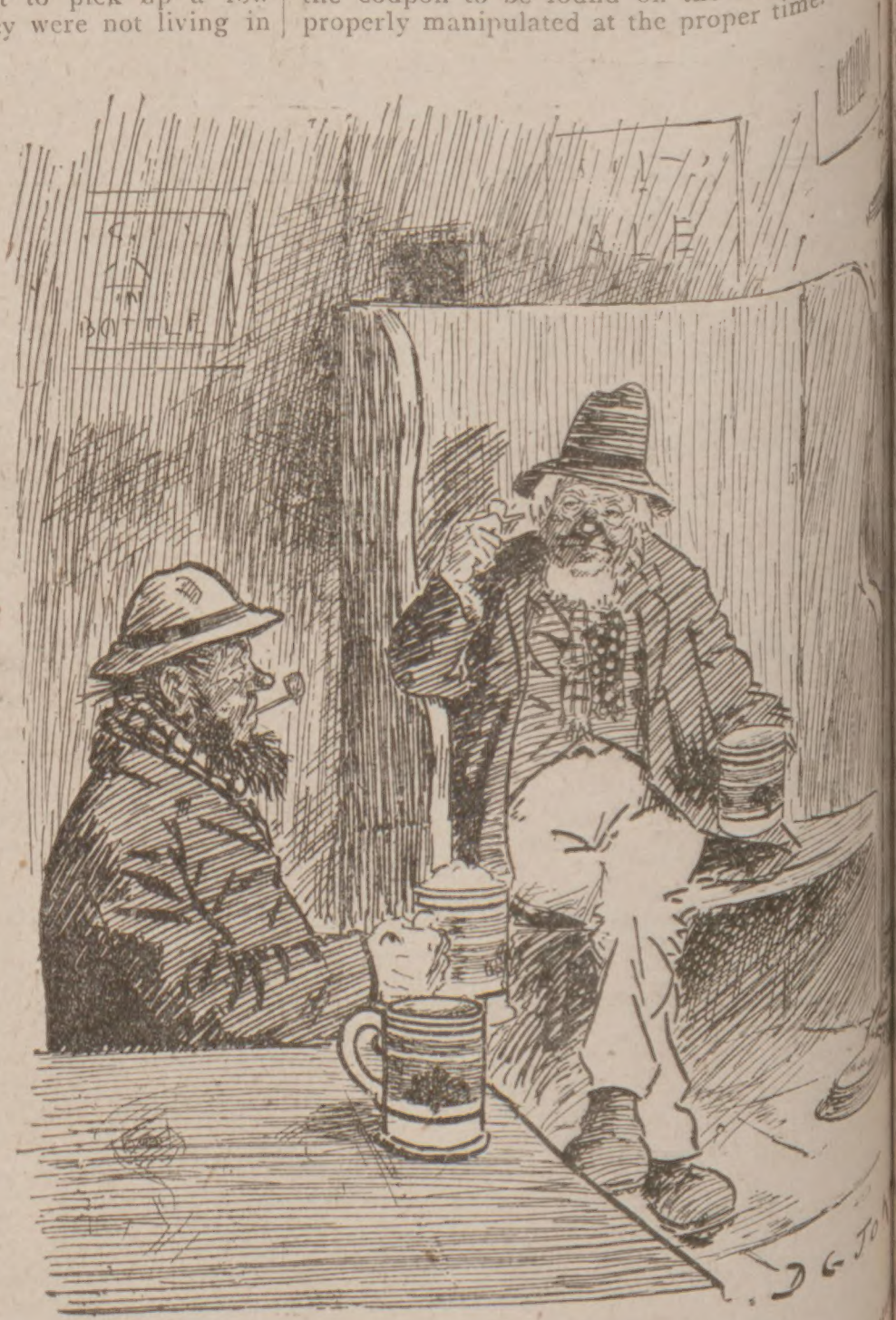
Our Football Competition.

With the approaching advent of the football have decided to comply with numerous requests by running a Football Competition in which prizes will be given to those who are most skilful in the form of prominent teams and predicting the important matches. We do this with a certain reluctance, but the truth is that the public want paper competitions, and football competitions are popular. The interest in them, and in the game, means confined to the sterner sex. Ladies now ciate and understand the game, and they enjoy skill at predicting results just as much as their brothers, or their best boys. As we are offering of £2 a week for life, and a consolation prize of for a year, we expect all our readers will carefully the coupon to be found on the back page, and properly manipulated at the proper time.



'Ave yer eard about Pore ole Jarge? E's got water on the brain."
"Pore feller! Water on the brain! It's bad enough when yer gets it in the

THER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

youthful duchess is a good sport. That the to have a canter the other day was one she posi- not resist. That she looked "all there" as she the saddle and rode astride in an ordinary walk- That she didn't mind in the least bit when every- ed at the spectacle she made. That she rose to splendidly when she cantered up breathless and and in reply to a remark said: "Well, what's having a pair of decent pins if you never get unity of showing them?"

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did the eldest son of the widowed peer feel like made that special journey to London on purpose to small matter of a suite of rooms that his late father ished for himself at one of the leading hotels? How the bland manager know when he was told "I've see about my father's and belong- gave the reply, "Oh, right. Your dered the re- everything the re yesterday." to her re- lief, her lady- left purgatory presumably in a ce.

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well-known ill a victim of habit, and is hat the women , or is it only sex spite? Has d that peace at was denied her any years, and pity that she is w too far gone late all that is way?

*

the wealthy city o divorced his w years ago on of her misbe- with a member Hebrew race and ed her wholesale time, was remar- her last week at office, and the baby with ditional features look like being in the cold. Yet want votes! Just men didn't do for them already.

*

not the fuzzy woman have better than to have written to the head of the Depart- questing the address of Mr. B——? Oh, no. Heads rtments are not doing anything in that way! They en there themselves, and, so far as that goes, don't n their subordinates away. Men don't as a rule e rods with which their own backs will be beaten. what the Suffragettes want them to agree to; but t there's nothing doing.

* * *

will the youthful member of the peerage repay the fiver she lent him to settle up for the dinner? And feeling too sick for anything since making the dis- that this is but one of his little habits?

* *

is just too cussed for anything sometimes! Was it very acme of bad luck that "Reggie" and his wife have met literally on the door-step of the great specialist's house. And, by the way, what's the matter with *him*?

* * *

Why has the journalist, late of the old Militia, left his chambers so suddenly? And does he mean to take up flying seriously? Hadn't he better be careful when boasting with regard to a certain respectable married woman "She positively won't let me alone!" We don't want to see this bumptious young man smashed up, and the lady's husband can give a splendid left.

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Why is the retired tea planter so fond of boasting of the number of native women he has horsewhipped, and does he imagine this achievement is one to be proud of? Would he feel at all elevated if he knew that among those unfortunate enough to be obliged to mix with him he is invariably referred to as "Hangman"?

The Owls: "S-s-s-s-s. Too-who-o-o!"
Actor: "Ah! It follows me. It follows me!"

A tip to the Government in view of a proposed Royal Commission: An enquiry into the morals of miners would reveal the fact that a serious danger pervades almost every colliery in the Midlands.

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That a number of West End garage proprietors are greatly concerned about the present address of a lady, formerly well-known in London society, who has been hiring expensive motor-cars for periods varying from ten days to three weeks and then decamping without paying the bill.

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We should like to know the total amount the painted lady secured from various Congress doctors by playing on their sympathy. What are the circumstances which have brought her so low as to "panhandle" for a living, seeing she can speak three languages?

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Talking about Congress doctors, what was the experience three of them underwent which gave them so much to chatter about on the top of a No. 11 'bus? Would not they have been wiser to have remembered that others can speak French besides themselves?

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What was the cash value of the presents given to certain Whitehaven policemen by the miners? Has the fact that various forms of gambling are carried on without interruption by the miners any connection with these gifts?

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Has the recent police-court experience of the Brixton flapper cured her of her propensity for going joy-rides in motors with strange young men? And what is the state of mind of her easy-going ma, now?

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Will the coming action between a Lyons waitress and a member of the Bar be settled out of court? Will she accept the amount offered her?

MR. TIMMINS BATHES.

"Why don't you bathe?" said his wife in desperation as she glanced with disapproving eye at her bored-looking spouse. They were seated near the bathing tents in full view of the hilarious couples who were disporting themselves among the giddy waves.

It was the sixth time that Mr. Timmins had yawned—to the rising indignation of his irritable lady.

"Because, my dear," he answered deprecatingly, "the water does not suit me. There's a dampness about the sea." Mrs. T. snorted. "Well, anyhow, it always give me a chill."

"Always!" snapped his partner. "You only mentioned yesterday that you hadn't bathed since you were a boy. That's fifty years back. Why not celebrate the anniversary by having a golden wash! You complain that it's slow down here, and yet you do nothing but stare at the sea—like a starfish!"

In the end Mr. Timmins, as usual, but with many qualms, fell in with the suggestion of his dominating better-half.

"Don't go in too far," was the last and somewhat unnecessary injunction of his wife as she settled comfortably back in her creaking deck-chair to read the Society news in her paper.

Now Timmins was small in stature and naturally of a retiring nature, and he found that if there is an occasion in life when you need to be bold and resolute, not to mention unscrupulous, it is when you are trying to get a bathing tent in the busy hours at a sea-side resort. A raucous despot of a sea-faring aspect bossed the tents, and was followed by a clamorous crowd of persons with towels and costumes, and no manners, the bolder spirits amongst whom from time to time made piratical swoops on any tent that looked as if it was about to be vacated.

At the fringe of the mob lingered Mr. Timmins, until he got on the nerves of the despot, who fiercely demanded what his little game was. The obsequious Timmins, having satisfied the despot of the innocence of his intentions, at last found himself hustled into a tent, into which was also thrown two rough-looking dusters—boastfully called towels by the despot—and a weird-shaped garment that resembled a much enlarged double fig-leaf with strings at the two ends. Its shape, and the absence of anything more fitted for the purpose, enabled Mr. T. finally to arrive at the correct conclusion that the mysterious garment was some sort of bathing drawers. While he was trying to discover which side up they went he found out another thing, and that was that he had omitted to fasten the flap of the tent sufficiently. The indignant lady whose attempt to enter had assisted in the latter discovery, seemed to think that he had purposely left the flap undone.

Finally, the agitated Mr. Timmins put his head and an arm through the flap, and waved the ambiguous garment as a signal of distress in the hope of attracting the attention of his wife. It did catch her eye—as indeed it was observed by the scandalised majority on the beach—but not before it had provoked the loud-voiced censure of the despot, whose suspicions of Timmins's behaviour were again aroused.

"Hi, come out of that!" shouted the despot to Mrs. Timmins as she was about to enter her partner's tent. The perfervid assurances of the furious lady that she was the lawful wife of Mr. T. were, however, so obviously genuine that the despot affected to lose interest in the affair, and to be solely concerned in watching a passing steamer.

Observation, aided possibly by instinct, enabled Mrs. Timmins to properly equip her perturbed hubby for his dip.

As he staggered down the pebbly beach she shouted after him: "Don't forget the number of your tent, four— four!" In an effort to look round and check the number, a more than usually agonising stone caused him to stumble and abruptly sit down.

Mr. Timmins swore. Considering the blamelessness of his previous life he did it well—too well, in the opinion of the critical despot.

With the help of a friendly hand from Mrs. T., and encouraged by uncalled-for advice from some small urchins to "Cling to 'er, guv'nor, or she'll bolt," Mr. Timmins found himself at the water's edge.

"It's be-be-be-beastly co-co-cold," chattered the mirthless Timmins as a wavelet covered his toes.

"Jump about," retorted his sanguine lady. "You'll soon get warm."

Her heroic victim waded in until the water was waist high. Then, according to his view, he jumped about. The other bathers called it, without reserve, playing the giddy goat. One lusty youth threatened to duck him for nearly choking his aunt by causing a swirl of water to wash into her mouth just as she was, in the course of a swimming less to take a full breath in.

Another and more painful result of the Timmins's energetic movements was that the his bathing dress came undone. He had to creep close in while Mrs. T., having removed her shoes ings, paddled in—the despot described it as a spectacle—and with the aid of a safety pin effected

The next venture of Mr. Timmins in the water more successful. Picking a cautious way through of bathers he slipped on a muddy rock. In an effo himself he made a desperate grab at the nearest which happened to be the nether part of a stout la ing costume. Something had to go, and Mr. Tim appeared beneath the waves accompanied by the of the lady's garment.

How Mr. Timmins pacified the stout lady's and choleric husband he never knew. Indeed, he doubts as to whether he ever did. At all events he of the water with his stomach full of sea, and his head with caustic suggestions that he was a practical jo lewd and noisome kind.

"Anyhow it's all over!" was the comforting Mr. Timmins. "Let me see; my number's four thought it was this end," muttered he in puzzled he looked up and down the row of tents.

He meandered along the beach until he came to and giving a vicious tug at the string—he was a pe at untying things—tore open the flap and entered.

The impression made at the time on Mr. Tim that there was a sudden and serious earthquake, and was painfully conscious of the screams of the victim disaster. Something—too soft for a tent pole—and with a terrible smack on the side of the face, and felt a good hard kick on the hinder part of his apparel.

Then the horrid truth flashed across his mind! entered the wrong tent—his right number was the blows were delivered by a fair lady whom he turbed in the most intimate part of her change. painful facts were the more firmly impressed upon he hurriedly retired, by the frantic demands of her husband in the next tent to avenge the gross had suffered.

And when a big man in a bathing towel and responded to the appeal, Mr. Timmins became convi it was high time for him to seek more peaceful sce to take no thought as to the order of his going.

For a man entirely out of training Mr. Timmins It was really quite confusing to the onlookers to figures as they flashed round and round the bandstan parade. Mr. Timmins led the field—I blush to say safety pin had failed to stand the extra strain. the maddened husband with only a bath towel to him from Adam in his earlier days. Then Mrs. had joined in the fray, and lastly an outraged p jealous of the reputation of the town.

Later in the day a bruised and shrunken Tim bailed out at the police station by his importun Still later on he was baled out with a stomach pu doctor, as he had imbibed more sea water than stitution could comfortably stand.

Sea bathing Mr. Timmins has now foresworn, his experience compels him to admit that as a pa found it neither slow nor chilly.

CECIL HAST

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Foreign residents in London, and those who are in foreign literature, will be glad to know that now an establishment where they can buy, at re prices, books in any language, from Arabic to Zulu. W. and G. Foyle, the well-known second-hand and booksellers, of 121, Charing Cross Road, have opened a branch establishment in Manelle Street, street near their principal shop, as a special foreign ment, and on the capacious shelves will be found array of books by foreign authors, carefully arrange under the charge of an expert linguist.

* * *

Mrs. Laker: It isn't considered at all binding on the man in Chicago to kiss the bride.

Mrs. Bleeker: Doesn't he ever do it?

Mrs. Laker: Yes, sometimes, if he hasn't married quite a long time.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

A MAN WITH IDEAS.

How shall we advertise our fire sale?"
say the goods are still warm."

* * *

sharp schoolboy walked into a grocer's shop. "Please, er," he said to the proprietor, "mother told me to ask whether there is such a thing as a sugar trust?" "Of se there is," was the answer. "Well, then, mother s to be trusted for two pounds."

* * *

eary Herbert: She only gave me a glass of water.
otsore Sam: Water! What is water?
H.: Oh, that stuff they put under bridges.

* * *

THE REASON FOR IT.

randma: In my day girls were more modest and reserved they are now.
ay: That's because you were taught that modesty and ve were more alluring to the men.

* * *

e Scotsman pointed with pride to Sir Walter Scott's e. "Nothing like that in America, mon," he cried. h," snorted the America, "we've cigars bigger than in Amurrica." Scotty determined to get his own back. then a team of horses passed drawing a cart on which a large iron girder. "Know what that is?" enquired Highlander. "That, son, is the poker for the new they are building."

* * *

FORGOT HIMSELF.

d Lady (to beggar at door): What's this soiled paper? ll have to tell me what it says, for I haven't my glasses.
eggar: Please, mum, it says I am deaf and dumb, and you spare me a few coppers?

JOURNALISTIC.

...or [of Emu and Kangaroo *Gazette*]: "Here, you'll have to ...pollpone Jones's death and put off the birth of Flannigan's ...wins till Saturday. There's a patent medicine advt, just come in."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

VIEW POINT.

The Professor: "Life itself is but a chemical combination of the censtituent atoms of chloride salts."

The Girl: "Well, it's sweet to me, anyway!"—*Puck.*

IMPRESSING THE POINT.

The candidate (having quoted the words of an eminent statesman in support of an argument): And mind you, these are not my words. This is not merely my opinion. These are the words of a man who knows what he's talking about.

* * *

Willy: Can you tell me the difference between a barber dying, and a sculptor dying?

Billy: Easy! A barber curls up and dyes, and a sculptor makes faces and busts!

* * *

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES.

Sanford: So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes?

Crabshaw: No, indeed! That's the way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled!

* * *

A PAINFUL MOMENT.

Mother (sternly): Young man, I want to know just how serious are your intentions towards my daughter?

Daughter's Voice (somewhat agitated): Mamma! Mamma! He's not the one!—*Puck.*

* * *

OBLIGING HER.

The sweet young thing was being shown through the Angus Shops.

"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with her dainty parasol.

"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler."

She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested. "And why do they boil engines?" she inquired again.

"To make the engine tender," politely replied the resourceful guide.—*Montreal Daily Witness.*

* * *

Sarcastic Diner: Waiter, what on earth is the matter with this establishment? This steak is burnt black.

Sorrowful-looking Waiter: Yessir. Mark of respect, sir. Our chef died yesterday.—*Puck.*

* * *

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

She: Oh, dear! I forgot to wind my ankle watch!

He: Allow me—er—that is—did you?—*Judge.*

* * *

Stranger: I say, old top, could you tell me the time?

Jones: No use—another guy took it four blocks below here.—*Montreal Star.*

* * *

Subbubs: I believe Swamphurst is unhealthy. Since we have lived out there my wife can scarcely speak above a whisper.

Henpecke: Do you suppose I could find a house there?—*Philadelphia Record.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Whether the good-looking major is as fond as ever of "the glorious East"? Also whether he still describes his wife as "too dull and stupid for anything"?

* * *

That one of the cleverest men in England was heard to remark the other day "I never flatter women, because I do not know the sex sufficiently, and I never abuse them because I know them only too well." Well done, Arthur!

* * *

That a somewhat erratic London hostess is thinking of giving a series of "temperance" dinners. No wonder everyone is saying he is otherwise booked.

* * *

What the prominent barrister thinks of his father-in-law? Whether, to use his own words, "he isn't always on thorns whenever he goes near the place." How he felt the other week at the big dinner when the old gentleman rose in his chair, lifted his glass and said loudly: "Gentleman, what is *your* opinion? *I* say 'Good!' and having been in the wine business for thirty years I trust you'll allow me to have an opinion!"

* * *

The name of the swashbuckler who was heard to remark, apropos of a case recently given a good deal of prominence, "Ah yes, a chorus girl has but one object—to trap either a peer or an officer. You see there's so much cachet in marrying into the Army!" Bah-h-h-h!

* * *

Why Army men so valiantly "go for" girls on the stage? it because these ladies have no objection to being snubbed convenient moments, or because barmaids and shop girls e become too high-class and rather particular?

* * *

The identity of the "Society" beauty whose language id to be such as to make a navvy blush. Whether it is ll possible for her to speak without swearing? The state mind of the old servant who was discovered silently conplating, and who in response to the query "What cher thinkin' on?" slowly replied "Tryin' to invent oaths for her ladyship!"

* * *

Why the very popular actress was so hard up day? And whether pathos and a pretty face com about a woman's strongest weapon? What the the Pension felt like when a sweet low voice sai "I'm very poor and tired. Couldn't you give terms? I'm only at the theatre here!" Will little watch bracelet ever be redeemed? And w visit to gaze at it in "Uncle's" window wasn't sadness? You see, it was a present from "so really mattered." And therein lies all the differ

* * *

Whether the son and heir will find "painting as remunerative a trade as that of lamp making presence of a little girl with fascinating eyes an with his sudden decision to live on the wild and of Cornwall, where apparently inspiration is p money very scarce—according to the artists who appallingly so? And *they* should know somethi

* * *

The artist had arranged a small private exhi called in the afternoon just when tea was being He showed her his masterpiece. "It's called 'T he explained. "You see the rain in the distance were really meadows before the waters rose. this swirl. I rejoiced when I got that effect. the remnants of the old ford bridge. I hope It's considered capital." She reflected for a then lifted her chin ever so slightly. "Well," at length, "I really don't know whether I like it must let me come and see it again when it's fini then some artists wonder why people don't buy

* * *

Why the Civil Servant wears the Indian brac the left wrist; also whether his dream of get appointment in the Malay States will ever Whether Gladys would care for it even if it can whether she is only making a fool of him and intelligence to see it?

* * *

Mrs. Quizzy: So Mrs. Speedwell has a baby, a

Mrs. Sneerwell: Really! I suppose she think very clever!

"Those two men opposite are the most disagreeable I've met this season."
"Oh, how's that?"
"One of them stares me out of countenance, and the other won't look at me at all."

that though "Kidlet" is going to marry Mr. there has been trouble at Knole over the engage- that it is by no means a source of unalloyed bliss. lson's father is a baronet, but the prospective is only his third son, so there is not much prob- Miss Sackville-West ever being "My lady!" unless nd continues in the Diplomatic service for many "Kidlet" will have a pleasant life in foreign here her grandfather, the late Lord Sack- known.

* * *

ropos of the recent fashionable society crowd at visitor remarked "I've been out for days looking ional beauties; but it strikes me that more than m are only beautiful in the papers. In real life— are their feelings!"

* * *

true that a bag of earth has been sent from ing Manoel, so that he may stand on his n he is married in Germany to Princess And whether it is a novel experience for "sack"?

* *

of the forty- s, which it is ory for every bride and ansylvania being

to answer ce of the other, the arrange- likely to cause unpleasant- the very

ttom e it is made r lady bathers tights costumes upon as indica e mo

worthy ption of Wales land of white merely kid?

*

anny Maher is cruise on Lord yacht, and what action at Deau-

*

Princess Mary's of the old- tic band to on at Cowes shion among s?

*

ymour Hicks cinema pic- III.?

*

rs. Walter (formerly Miss Doris Joel) is any- penniless" as is commonly supposed?

* * *

father has yet destroyed his gramophone Scotch song, "A wee Deoch and Doris"?

* * *

an who was fined at Sunderland for amus- en with a crab "measuring less than four and hes across the back" will be careful to carry out with him in future?

* * *

sery Rhyme" balls are to be the rage this

* * *

of the Conservative M.P. who, while hurrying lobby, had the misfortune to drop a hand-bag en and scattered a little packet of marmalade fore the amused eyes of a number of onlookers?

* * *

ous yachtsman was black-balled from the squadron, and whether the personal antagonism Countess had anything to do with it?

She: Poor dear Auntie is so handicapped. She is dreadfully short-sighted and can scarcely hear a word you say.
He (with interest): Will she chaperone you this evening if we go to the theatre?

Has the lady who was seen in Regent Street the other morning wearing stockings with cockroaches embroidered thereon, adopted this unusual legwear in the hope of encouraging a bashful swain whose efforts at flirtation have not hitherto progressed beyond gentle pressure of her dainty tootsies with his more ponderous beetle-crushers?

* * *

Whether it is a fact that the fourteen-year-old daughter of a prominent member of Parliament has been going the rounds of the theatrical agencies trying to get an engagement in one of the forthcoming Christmas pantomimes? And whether the young lady's parents know anything about it?

* * *

Whether a number of men marry their typists under the delusion that they will always be able to dictate to them?

* * *

Whether the new book dealing with the history of British agriculture, will be published as a "cereal"?

* * *

Whether the fair members of the Gaiety, who came to grief during a motor excursion the other Sunday, were not greatly indebted to Mr. Oy-Ra, the dancer, who rendered first aid by tearing up his shirt to supply the necessary bandages? And whether it is true that they have each declared their intention of preserving their own special "strip" as a memento of the occasion?

* *

Whether the waterproof banknote has been invented to do service on a rainy day?

* *

Whether Their Majesties' careful inspection of the State apartments of Osborne House has led to a general belief that they may have them converted into a residence for themselves during the next Regatta week?

* *

Whether "Floor Games," the children's book by H. G. Wells, will "floor" a number of grown-ups as well?

* *

The identity of the charming French actress who has started the fashion, at one of the Continental sea-side resorts, of giving "bathing-box" receptions after her morning dip? Whether the particular "box" in which these unconventional little parties are held is as gorgeous as a Parisian *salon*, replete with mirrors and easy chairs and a magnificent dressing-table littered with jewelled toilette bottles and gold-backed brushes? And whether she receives her visitors in a wonderful negligee of rose-coloured silk embroidered with seed pearls?

* * *

Whether there are not a few other flats in Piccadilly which might have an interest for Mr. Keir Hardie, if he knew their whereabouts? And whether another "Maiden Tribute" case would not be greatly appreciated by the public, now there is so much spouting about the "Social Evil." Will Mr. Keir Hardie imitate the example of the late Mr. Stead and wake the public up to what goes on in London's heart in the traffic in young girls?

* * *

What is it makes Cameron of Lochiel so fond of his annual trips to the States?

* * *

Whether the new dress material known as "sponge" makes the holiday girl more squeezeable than ever?

* * *

Whether Mr. Solly Joel was so anxious to publish the news that his yacht "Doris" had been re-named the "Eileen" that he sent round to various daily papers offering to pay for its insertion?

TABLOID TOPICS.

Remains to be seen—Mummies.

* * *

The woman who would sacrifice millions for love is a Joel.

* * *

M. Deperdussin, the French aeroplane maker, has done some "high flying" himself it seems.

A judge has been giving advice on the art of love. There's no art in it. One simply falls into the way.

* * *

South Croydon boasts of a cricket team of ten brothers. Only half a score, but a creditable score for Dad.

* * *

After being dumb for ten years, a Leeds boy recovered his speech at a cricket match. Stump speech. Good lad!

* * *

"A great all round man" is not precisely the correct way to describe an agile athlete like J. W. Hearne, Mr. *Daily Mail*.

* * *

The bee pest, says an expert, is worn out. Still, we are not taking any chances if a bee wants to sit down on our hand.

* * *

The ex-convict who, at the London Sessions, pleaded "Let me have a chance to run straight," must be somewhat of a wag.

* * *

"Two Sundays each week," runs a headline in the "Daily Express." More trouble for the bona fide traveller padding for his beer!

* * *

"Do golfers need brains?" is asked in the Press. We should not have thought so. They seem to knock along quite comfortably without.

* * *

When the Kaiser visited the Ahlbeck Children's Home the boys, we learn, stood upon their heads. The girls, we presume, took to their heels.

* * *

During a shower in Piccadilly the other day a Jack Tar was heard to remark: "The girls ain't got much sail to haul in dirty weather now'days."

* * *

The suggested bacon boycott seems to us a rasher-nal step which would, no doubt, cure the greedy pig kings of their propensity for bleeding the public.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. T. W. B. Statham, of Chiswick, for his presence of mind in taking the number found on the leg of the small bird he was eating before it disappeared.

* * *

Though the German armament scandal has fizzled out somewhat like a damp squib it has certainly exposed a Krupp(t) state of affairs in which some "big guns" figure.

* * *

There is a great crusade against rats taking place in the Samford district of Suffolk. To avoid regrettable mistakes certain prominent politicians are warned against visiting the district at present.

* * *

"Oysters not sunburnt," indignantly announces a contemporary. Who is it that circulates these gross slanders on the complexions of the winsome bivalve. It will be suggested next that oysters are freckled.

* * *

The popular view that angling needs a lot of patience is not one that an angler is prepared to accept, says an expert. The patience, of course, comes in when his friends are expected to listen to stories about his catch.

* * *

The parish council at Crowborough, Sussex, have given orders for a new stile to be altered because of complaints that ladies with tight skirts could not get over it. The new stile didn't suit the new style, evidently.

* * *

A young Parisian has just boxed a veteran's ears for unjustly striking the former's father forty-three years ago. Perhaps if the youthful Parisian had taken a little longer to reflect he would not have acted in such haste.

* * *

After a two days' acquaintance and courtship a Greek settler in New York married a fair Hungarian, although they could neither speak a word of the other's tongue. After all, kisses and cuddling are much the same in any language.

Our tame cynic biliously remarks that people ... the seaside may be divided into two classes—those ... old clothes, and those who wear new ones. A ... classification is—those who dress and those who ...

* * *

The portrait of Her Majesty, by Mr. W. ... exhibited at the Academy, is described ... as representing "The Queen at full length." ... however, that it is the newspaper only that ... napping.

* * *

What with the Medical Congress inventing ... for us, the Suffragettes planning more trouble, ... ful suspense occasioned by awaiting the deci... *Daily News* "Is there a hell?" discussion, we ... tremble just now.

* * *

The Texas Legislature has passed an Act making ... ful for any person to get drunk at any place ... own home. Is this a subtle way of encouraging ... or merely an attempt to solve the old problem—... happy though married?

* * *

"Probably ten per cent. of the mixed m... plied to our large cities," says Doctor ... Edinburgh, "is capable of infecting guine... culosis." Does this account for the "prefe... in certain financial circles?

* * *

Two men were sentenced at the London Session... found in unlawful possession of certain housebreak... ments "to wit, one jemmy and penknife." The ... have been effective as a burgling tool, ... wasn't sharp enough to enable them to ... the police arrived.

* * *

In the stomach of a nine-months-old heife... South Wales, which was killed to save its ... a tablecloth, a veil, a child's nightgown, ... hide, a safety-pin, and other odds and ends. ... to cut off in the flower of its youth an a... enterprising than the majority of its sis... tent with a skirt in their insides.

SOCIETY QUERIES.

Whether the unpleasantness between Queen ... and the new King of Denmark which has caused ... lation of Her Majesty's annual visit to her nativ... will also cause the cancellation of the Danis... visit to London next year?

* * *

Whether Mr. Eric Loder, the once-hus... Gabrielle Ray, was invited to his cousin's w... Rolls Hoare at St. Peter's, Eaton Square?

* * *

Whether King Manoel is still "up to h... for the restoration of his lost throne, and ... not dearly love to present his bride-t... a wedding gift?

* * *

If it is not smart of Lord Northampton ... ings at Castle Ashby to the Jewish ba... depleting his private account of that ... been paid to Daisy Markham?

* * *

And if Daisy has not discovered that the ... would not be of much use in the yachting ... whether, if she contents herself with a ... intends to name it the "Baby Bim"?

* * *

Whether Lady Waechter followed up our ... upon the Kaiser, after her visit to the King of ... And whether the Kaiser did not wink knowingly ... Waechter when congratulating him upon his ... December marriage? And whether Sir Max's ... ful Ladyship will remember the Balkan kings ... list of calls upon Royalty?

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to consider short sto... 1,500 words in length; also humorous sketches ... should be sent for return postage if unsuitable.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE NUT.

WISDOM AND WIT.

...l odds are two to one.

* * *

...an is an automatic self-entertainer.

* * *

... willing to take good advice if it is free; also ... pay for it.

* * *

... who is getting a small salary and has a large ... support home is the dearest place on earth.

* * *

... to look intelligent is easier than making good.

* * *

... man has too much money it's no task at all for him ... more.

* * *

... a quarrel is to be absent at the psycho-

* * *

... it is better to marry for money than for ...

* * *

... summer girl has no use for the young ... time kissing her hand.

* * *

...nancier is one whom everybody claims to ... he didn't have a dollar to his name.

* * *

... watches are valued by their works.

* * *

... the target of success you must aim before

A rich man's philanthropy usually draws the line at his poor relations.

* * *

All the world looks down on a man who is in a hole.

* * *

Before burning your bridges behind you be sure they are fully insured.

* * *

Ride a hobby if you will, but remember you are not the only jockey in the race.

* * *

Young man, beware of the girl who looks like a peach. She may be a lemon in disguise.

* * *

Do your share towards preventing this old world from becoming a howling wilderness by not howling.

* * *

If a man worries about his debts it's a sign that he is honest; the dishonest man lets the other fellow worry.

* * *

It takes a woman to believe things that are unbelievable.

* * *

It's easy for a sympathetic woman to make any man believe he loves her.

* * *

A square deal is all a man wants—but he wants to be the judge of its squareness.

* * *

Unless a man possesses some wisdom he will never be able to realise what a fool he is.

IN STAGELAND.

It is surprising that, with the improving Japanese comprehension of Western commercial procedure, a few of the magnificently staged Oriental illusionist and conjuring shows are not more prominent and better paid. These Japs are invariably excellent showmen, and there is a refreshing quaintness about their show which is always acceptable. A particular little group I have in mind at the moment are called the Ko-Ten-Iches—correct Japanese family nomenclature, by the way, and no stagy pseudonym—who are putting up a handsome and dainty little act for much less money than they are worth.

* * *

"Joseph and His Brethren"—to be produced by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's on September 2nd—will be a strikingly novel and wonderfully staged play with a strong, historically accurate, biblical appeal, which, I am extremely glad to be able to advise you, will be handled with becoming reverence. Twelve scenes will be laid in Egypt and one in Canaan. Two of the chief reasons for the success of "Yellow Jacket" have principal parts, i.e., Messrs. Geo. Relph and Frederick Ross, Sir Herbert will play "Jacob" and Miss Maxine Elliot will make a very welcome re-appearance as Potiphar's wife. Further, I am given to understand that there will be crowds of elaborately trained dancing children, which will certainly give an added delicacy.

* *

ANNA DOROTHY, THE "GINGER GIRL."

The new revue, "I Should Worry," at the Palace, Shaftesbury Avenue, has indeed benefited very much by it's week's "try out" as "It Is So" at the Willesden Hippodrome. There is nothing to criticise with exceptional strength beyond the horrible American-sounding title. You can feel that undesirable Yankee draught through the nose, as it were, immediately you visualise the phrase. For the rest, Miss Marie Dainton is another old friend who has returned to us with youth and beauty unblemished as ever. Mr. Jas. Tate ("That" and husband of Clarice Mayne) has given us several excellent numbers, and when Mr. Will Bishop has still further pulled it together after a few days, it should prove a worthy successor to fill the big gap just caused by Mme. Pavlova's temporary retirement. High praise, this!

* * *

I've struck another novelty in Variety. The Kenna Bros. are gymnastic comedians of solid worth and attainment. This is so usual as not to call for comment, but what is different is that before the tabs are raised there is a loud rattle from an aeroplane engine, and on the rise of the curtain there is a complete miniature monoplane with a motor, more efficient presumably as a deafener than as a propeller. This, combined with a clever sky effect, is really a novelty! So look out for them and see, as well, what can be done with a pole and trapeze. Somebody should give them a Continental trip.

* * *

Peculiar that our experts, in speaking of the year's few successes and many brilliant failures, have all omitted to place Mr. Bourchier's "Trust the People" in the latter category. To my mind it was in many respects the most remarkable play of the year. It failed on account of its insistence on sordid present-day political propaganda, and on this account it deserved to fail. Nevertheless it is as good a play of its kind, with the exception of the fatal element, as has been seen in London this two years. Yet it only ran a few weeks. This example will serve to show [illegible] than a series of illustrated lectures, the ter[illegible] actor-managers run and how short a step divides the theatrically sublime from the ditto ridiculous.

* *

A funny sketch burst on Variety in rather an important way last week. It is called "The Persian Slave," and is doing a suburban circuit just now. It must have cost many hundreds to mount, has a camel, a horse, and two donkeys in the dramatis personæ (how's that for a malapropism?), gets most of its tricks and all of its costumes from "Kismet," and will be withdrawn from circulation in double quick time unless some good and clever—very clever!—fairy melts and re-moulds it. At present it is a mistake!

* *

While I am in slating mood let me comment on a show put up by a pair calling themselves Cooper and Lait. The [illegible] that should be spoken—but, of [illegible] to an acute perception of her own [illegible] She finishes up by being stripped of h[illegible] the man. The man uses the most [illegible] heard of language that would appeal [illegible]

HYMAOR THE CHAIR MAN [illegible]

FOLLY-BASK, ANGLO-FRENCH COMEDIENNE.

comedies, not blood-curdling melo[illegible] and so is the lady's temperament, so w[illegible]

..., DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 16.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF FORTUNE OF THE COURT BEAUTY, FRANCES JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.

...up of the Stuart regime in Britain found many ... in its pages, but few more romantic than that ... Countess Hamilton, and Duchess of Tyr... is world has to give of human glory, all ... chagrin, poverty, and humiliation of spirit, ... was the most beautiful of the daughters ..., of Sandridge, hard by St. Albans city, ... the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, ... of the greatest soldier this country ever ... Frances Jennings and her proud and ... there was a great gulf fixed. Frances ...an; it was her being summoned to Court ... wife of James II., that caused Sarah to ... Had the Jennings never been born, the ... of this country might have been dif... ...ensing career a one of the most ... therefore.

The Jennings Girls went to Court.

... that the daughters of the obscure Hertford... came to play such prominent rôles in the Courts of ... has proved something of a mystery to many historical ... There is no mystery, however. The wife of King ... Duke of York, was a Watford lass, who ... t Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor ... ed to hunt with the hounds over the undu... ...rdshire, and there she met Squire Jen... ...y little daughters. When Anne became ... King, as Duchess of York, and had a ..., she satisfied her fancy for surrounding herself ... pretty girls, by taking the Hertfordshire squire's ... her maids-of-honour. That was the secret of ...'s appearance in the Court of St. James, while ... girl of fourteen.

Honour's Unparalleled Success.

... transported fresh from the sweet ... brought with her a delicious colouring. ... had a disastrous effect upon the ... days of the Stuarts. It was a good ... that she thus chose this fresh and pure... ... chief maid-of-honour, for the times were ... little regard for a maiden's honour in ... And the first man in the court to cast a covetous ... Frances Jennings was no other than Anne's own ... Duke of York. But he found the child from Hert... ... had a subtle ... distinct disappointment, for, innocent though she ... ...arning within of any danger that ... very pretty method of warding it off. The ... was distinctly nettled by Frances Jennings's calm ... him at a distance," and yet flirting with him ... time—and to this wonderful instinct Frances ... success in life. And her success was in... ...unparalleled, in fact, though she finished ... in the end.

Charles Tries His Wiles upon the Maid of Honour.

... of ... the Duke of York in good temper, ... every turn, she saved Anne Hyde, ... and "made good" herself, by get... ...untouchables" of the Court, and, ... Frances Jennings's virtue brought her two coronets, and, in due course, a viceregal crown, and if ever there was a living illustration that virtue is its own reward it was Frances Jennings. When the Duke of York told his brother, that conscienceless roué, King Charles II., of the artfull minx his wife had brought up from some obscure village in Hertfordshire, the Merrie Monarch, who rather liked being teased—some men do!—sallied forth to try his brilliant wiles upon the arch maiden from Sandridge. Summoning the damsel to a quiet rendezvous, King Charles put on his most amiable smile and proceeded to tell the tale with the confidence born of a man who had never known defeat. He pinched the maid of honour's cheek, chucked her under the chin, told her she had the babiest mouth in the town, that her locks were streams of June sunlight, and—well, you know how they tell it! It's always the same old story, even under King George the Fifth!

Told the Marquis to "Run Out and Play."

But Frances Jennings "wasn't having any." Whether it was her youth and innocence, or whether she knew more than she looked—most girls *do*!—she kept the amorous King in his place, and when he went too far she gave him the stony stare. King Charles felt sheepish whenever he met little Frances after that, and felt like a big man who had been licked by a little one. Frances Jennings thus kept her place at Court; she also kept the keen regard of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and made a name for impregnability which remains unsullied to this day. For no sooner did it run round the Court that both the Duke and the King had made love to the lass from Hertfordshire, than half-a-dozen of the smartest men in the train of the Sovereign were ready to lay their coronets and their wealth at Frances's feet. Among these were a few gallants whose love-affairs were of the headstrong sort, and who couldn't stand being said "Nay!" The French Marquis de Berny, for instance. He laid his life and love at Frances's feet, but she wouldn't even listen to him. He bored her by beating the air in the stress of his passion, and when he threatened to take a dose of poison and have her epitaphed as his murderess on his tombstone, she gaily pinched his cheek, and told him to run out and play! And she was only sixteen.

The Escapade with Killigrew at the Theatre.

Titles and gold bags completely failed to light the spark of love in the heart of Frances Jennings. Amongst her would-be slaves was young Henry Jermyn, who was ennobled later on as Lord Dover. He was not only the richest commoner in England, but an extremely attractive *parti*, and worth any woman's love. He had £20 000 a year, and all the other women wanted him. But Frances Jennings treated him to sarcasm, and called him "a silly boy," and so Henry Jermyn went abroad, and she never saw him again. But though she remained almost the only virtuous woman in the Court of King Charles II., Frances Jennings was no prude, and no bookworm. There was no prank in the Court of which she was not cognisant, and in which she was not a participator. The story is told of how she once (for reasons of her own) wished to be near the Royal Family when she was supposed to be at home. The Queen and the Duchess of York had gone to the Duke's Theatre, and Frances Jennings determined to go too. So she borrowed an old apple woman's cloak and bonnet, and with another maid-of-honour of her own madcap kidney, started off for the theatre, which they entered intending to sell oranges to their respective Royal mistresses without being recognised. They marched into the theatre, and all seemed well for their plot when they were confronted by the well-known roué, Killigrew, who, suspecting their

youth, though not their personalities, popped his arm round Frances's waist, and gave her a resounding kiss on the lips. Frances, foreseeing discovery, tried not to scream, but did so, and rushed from the theatre. So the wild maids-of-honour never were able to boast that they had sold oranges to the Queen in the theatre.

Frances Jennings Falls in Love.

But underneath her cold though beautiful exterior there beat a heart as soft and impressionable as any in London town. Though, one by one, Frances Jennings threw aside the offers of rich and handsome gallants whom any other woman would have been proud to have married, she knew that the "right man" would come along one day. And he did! And when handsome Dick Talbot arrived from Dublin to assist the King out of his troubles in Ireland, Frances Jennings fell in love with him at first sight. And, as usual, she proceeded to play ducks and drakes with both his and her own happiness. Dick Talbot was a man for whom everybody foretold a great future. A dashing soldier, with the finest face and figure ever seen at Court, Frances Jennings knew at once that he was her "fate." Dick was touched on the same spot, and when he proposed marriage to Frances Jennings she accepted him with rapturous delight. But Dick, having his way to make, grew autocratic, and this unfortunate trait he inflicted upon his future bride, as well as upon the scullions who waited his commands without the palace gates. At last the proud spirit of the maid-of-honour rebelled, and, choking with sobs, she finally hurled her ring back at her lover, and fled from his sight.

"Now or Never; Now, and for Ever!"

Now, as it always happens in novels, so it then happened in real life. There was, as usual, a patient lover waiting his opportunity, and then it was that the artful Scot, Geordie Hamilton, pleaded his love for Frances Jennings. The poor child was but seventeen, and full of anger and misery at her lover's calm acceptance of her "breaking off" of the engagement, permitted Geordie to fold her to his heart, and there and then, while the iron was hot, he popped the question. Amidst a flood of tears, Frances accepted him, repented it the next day, but determined to go through with it, if only to annoy Dick Talbot. It was a silly thing to do, but silly things sometimes turn out best in the end. The beautiful maid-of-honour married Geordie Hamilton, and soon that gallant was off to France in the service of the French King, under whom he became a count, and the father of six bonny children by Frances Jennings. Then, one day, the news was brought that he had fallen in the Battle of Zebernsteig, and his wife at last returned to London, and to Dublin, where, by a strange stroke of fortune, the Viceroy was that Duke of Tyrconnel who, in his twenties, had asked Frances Jennings to become Mrs. Dick Talbot.

Dick had got on! Got on as no other man in Britain had. He had turned out a gallant fighter for the Roman Catholic side in the wars in England and Ireland, "Lying Dick Talbot" the Whigs and Tories called him. Money and titles were his. He had been given the rulership of Ireland, and he was preparing to welcome King James II. Over the Castle in Dublin he hoisted his flag with these words upon it, "Now or never; now and for ever!" and he went off to Kinsale to welcome the new King. And in the train of the monarch whom should he espy but Frances Jennings, Countess Hamilton, the sweetheart of his swashbuckling days. Still the roses flamed in her pretty cheeks, and still she seemed the same old coquette as of yore. A little less vivacious, perhaps, and a little less flighty, but still wonderfully sweet and gentle, and as Dick Talbot had himself married the wrong woman out of pique—she was "the languishing Miss Boynton," who had left Dick a widower but a few months before—he once more offered his hand and heart to the love of his youth, and soon they were man and wife. Dick Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, carried the sword of state before the King upon his entry into Dublin Castle, where Frances Jennings, the former maid-of-honour, now reigned as viceregal queen.

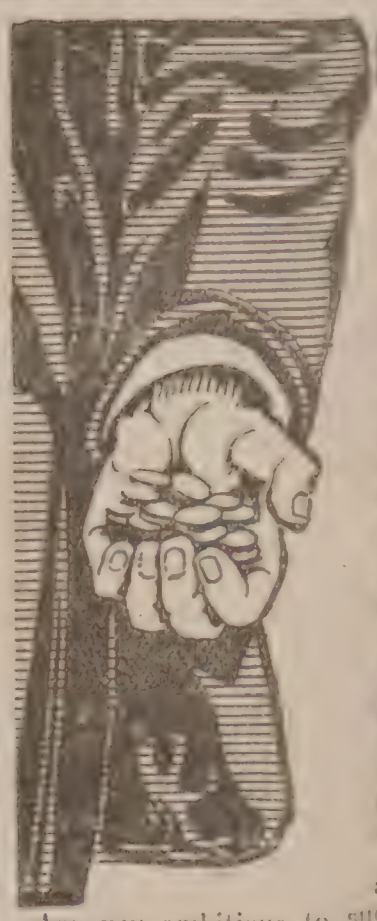
The Duchess of Tyrconnel's Greatest Moment.

At last Frances Jennings was a perfectly happy woman. Her husband loved her with that ripe affection which knows no doubts and fears. She loved him all the more for the years she had passed without him. And in her high position in the most troublous times that any vicereine has ever had in Dublin, she proved a tower of strength to her former mistress's relations in the Court. The Duchess of York was now dead. Anne Hyde had died of over-eating, and had never lived to be Queen. But King James, too, was threatened with the loss of his crown at the hands of William of Orange, and James had need of all the strength of Dick Talbot to maintain his own. In Ireland, Dick and his faithful wife were doing their best to keep the King's end up, and Dick was fighting battles all over Ireland under tremendous difficulties. Eventually disaster overtook the Royal cause, and King James, beaten and ruined, rode from the fatal Battle of the Boyne on his escape to France. Dick Talbot, giving his Duchess every penny that he could scrape together, sent her off to follow the King into safety abroad. But before the final débâcle the Duchess of Tyrconnel was permitted [illegible] in which to niche herself for posterity. King [illegible] hearted and "done for," once again enter[illegible] Castle before sailing for France. And is [illegible] Tyrconnel who extended the hand of [illegible] King in his hour of danger and despair. [illegible] moment of Frances Jennings's life. She kn[illegible] of but an hour's duration, that at any m[illegible] make her triumph a flight; but whilst she was [illegible] land she would cover that high position with g[illegible]

When the Duke of Tyrconnel returned to Ireland [illegible] combat with the Orange King he sat [illegible] officers at Limerick the night before the [illegible] tic stroke seized him, and three days [illegible] [illegible] over; King William had no good [illegible] Talbot, and when the French pen[illegible] Count Hamilton, came to an end, [illegible] "on her uppers." And the time came when [illegible] had queened it in Dublin Castle, with the King of [illegible] guest, was selling pins and needles at a stall in the New [illegible] in the Strand. Was there ever such a life of vicissitude [illegible] Eventually her brother-in-law, Marlborough, [illegible] her assistance, and Frances Jennings [illegible] had so many happy memories for [illegible] nearly ninety, and then, one cold winter's [illegible] fell out of bed, and died of exposure before [illegible]

Next Week:

THE AMAZING LIAISONS OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.



IS THE MONEY ALWAYS THERE?

YOU see [illegible] shop window [illegible] desire to pur[illegible] you want to move in[illegible] more comfortable house; [illegible] would like to visit for[illegible] countries; you wish to [illegible] chase some luxury [illegible] pleasure for one [illegible] and dear to you. [illegible] money always there; [illegible] It is just the everyday [illegible] tation of being without [illegible] money for things needed [illegible] [illegible]rations, pleasures, [illegible] luxuries [illegible] that [illegible] the difference [illegible] [illegible] man and the [illegible] man.

In which [illegible] are you?

Are you ambitious to succeed in life and to [illegible] well-paid, responsible position? If you are, the [illegible] tional Correspondence Schools will help you, as they [illegible] already helped many thousands of others. Why not let [illegible] do so?

I.C.S. Courses of Instruction are prepared by [illegible] up-to-date workers. The Instruction Papers are so [illegible] and illustrated that they can be easily understood by [illegible] one who can read. What better proof could be given [illegible] the practical and profitable nature of the training given [illegible] by the I.C.S. than the fact that during the [illegible] months of 1913 over 1,500 students of the Schools obtained [illegible] promotion and better pay, or secured new [illegible] Many employers expressly state that they give [illegible] to I.C.S. students over any other applicants for [illegible]

If you wish the I.C.S. to help you, why lose time [illegible] is money. Lost time is lost money. Inquire NOW. A [illegible] post-card from you, mentioning the work in which you are [illegible] interested, will bring promptly free information and [illegible] tical advice. Address—

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PROMOTION AND BETTER PAY

ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

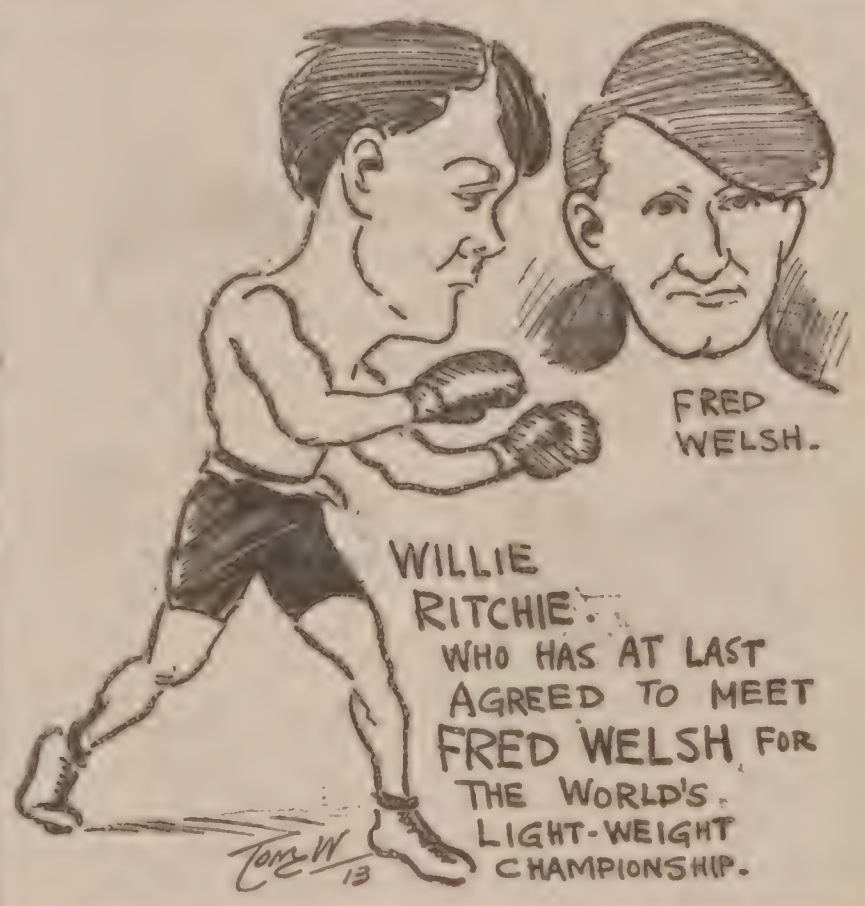
...t the recent talk about the decadence of cricket ... lack of interest in the game, it is just as well at ... of the year to note that the interest, as reflected ... attendances at some of the grounds, is quite satis... Taking ten years as the period for comparison, ...bury Week attracted 40,000 this year to 27,000, while ...Holiday match at the Oval drew 36,000 this year, as ... From an artistic point of view, ... shows no decadence. This year has been ... splendid one to give the old croakers a nasty set... ... it is to be hoped that the grand old game will ... its own. It is just as well to realise that ... conveniences to get away and the additional ... are very much greater than formerly. ... would be a strange thing, however, if the summer ... did not be parish for there has been no complaint to ...garding the weather.

CRICKET.

... Surrey have accounted for the defeat of ... Kent, the leaders in the championship, and ...ve placed themselves in the running for the ... It is not at all probable that Surrey will ... distinction they have been denied since 1899. ... to think of bygone days and the greatness ... that other counties have improved while ...ple have gone back. In the early nineties ...ann, Lockwood and Richardson in the ... nothing of W. W. Read, M. Read, K. J. ...k Shuter, and Abel and Harry Wood. The ... ended a sequence of six seasons with Surrey top ... Although Gloucestershire were champions in ... and 1877, they did not get pride of place again, ... it is exceedingly gratifying to find a marked ... in the doings of the "County of the Graces." ...illow tried hard to minimise Kent's defeat by ... hundred of the year, and just when the runs ... In the face, however, of Hitch and ... fast bowlers, and who took all Kent's ... between them, and of the good and ... round of Surrey, Maurice Bird was ... Darlow has only scored fifteen centuries

...career, which dates back to 1900, when ... he was first asked to play for Kent. ...were, curiously enough, against Somer-

During the week, two young batsmen have come to the front with some very fine batting. Lee and A. W. Carr put on 333 runs for the second wicket for Notts against Leicestershire. We want the amateur batting strengthened if it is to hold a candle to past performances, and therefore Carr's success is all the more pleasing.



Although he had gone out of cricket recently, through a Civil Service appointment in the Soudan, the late W. H. B. Evans was a great cricketer in his time. He was at Malvern when he played his first county match, representing Worcestershire. He was captain of Oxford University, and he played for the Gentlemen of England. It was a tragic death to die—a drop from the clouds. It is authoritatively stated that "Bertie" Evans was born in South Africa.

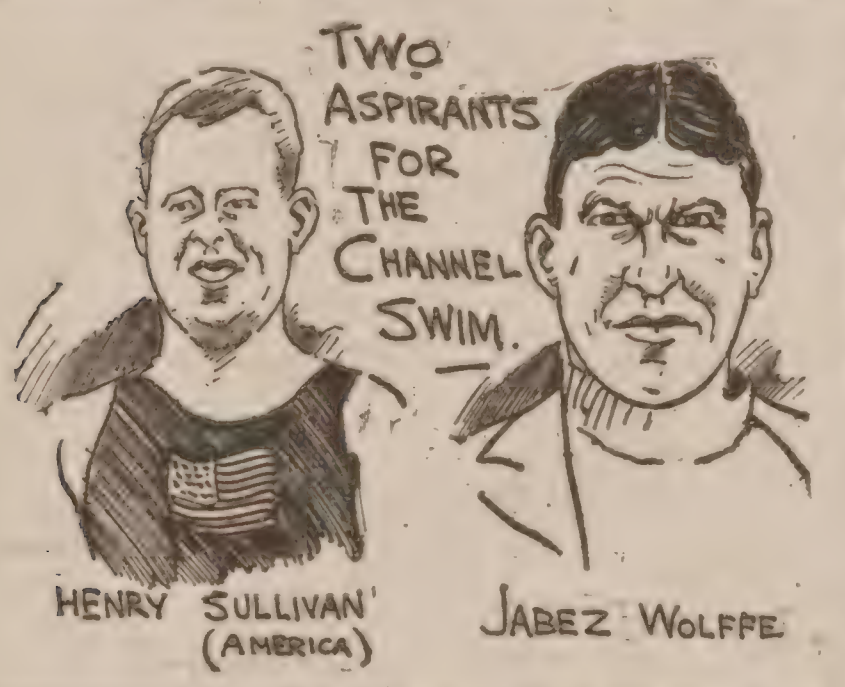
The names which have appeared to constitute the team for South Africa should please all South Africans. If South Africa can beat that team, renewed interest will be taken in the doings of South African cricket which, so far as England is concerned, is rather under a cloud, all through the comparatively bad showing last year. Gilbert Jessop, if he made one of the team, would electrify the crowds at the great centres, but one cannot forget that he was a failure when he went to Australia. Truly has it been said that the Colonies have been the burying grounds of great cricket reputations. Eight years ago, Warner, who captained the M.C.C. team in South Africa, actually possessed a batting average of only 8.90 for ten test match innings, and of his 89 runs 51 were scored in one innings. Gilbert Jessop is not an independent man, and it will be difficult for him to accept the invitation. Besides, like A. O. Jones, he finally decided some time ago to have finished with Colonial cricket tours. Still, at the time of writing, we can only hope that the famous Cambridge University cricketer, the hero of scores of matches, and a public idol, will be able to make the trip. By the way, if Douglas Robinson decides to go to South Africa, it will not be at all surprising to see him installed as first wicket-keeper.

TENNIS AND THE WEATHER.

Lawn tennis has been an exceedingly profitable pastime this year, but if it had not been that fine weather helped, the Davis Cup matches would have been as big a frost as the Triangular Cricket Tournament was last year. Let us be thankful that there has been fine weather, and not, simply because the elements are all against cricket and lawn tennis some summers, conclude that the games are dying. It is only to be expected that the Davis Cup matches in England will show a remarkably fine profit. The expenses have been very small. No doubt the Australian contingent recouped themselves from their one match in America, and considering that only two or three players came from each of the over-seas competing countries, all profit and no loss should accrue. It will be interesting, when the figures of the contest have been made public.

RETURN OF A FAMOUS RUNNER.

Alfred Shrubb, who in America was christened the "little bounder," will soon be in England, and his six years' association with athletics across the Atlantic should be England's gain. He will have some tales to tell, and will tell them too. It is ten years or so since Alfie Shrubb came to the very front rank, and he still retains that ten miles running time of his, when at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, he covered the distance in 50mins. 40 3-5secs. He was the



English four and ten mile champion for 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904, and International, National and Southern Cross-country champion during the same period. Goodness knows what other championships he would have annexed, but for his professionalising. There is a great need for waking up athletics in England, and in view of the next Olympics Shrubb will be the very man to put fresh life into the sport. At present Alec. Nelson, who has had a great deal of experience while coaching Cambridge University athletes, and who is possessed of Stockholm Olympic Games experience should be able to work splendidly with the 33 year old champion. The men are in England sure enough, but they have to be found, and the best has to be got out of form.

THE CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

After the exceedingly fine race for the 100 miles championship and the National [illegible] title, the 50 miles championship was expected to attract enthusiasts. The South African, W. R. Smith, who had won so many [illegible] Herne Hill a week before, was the favourite for the [illegible] but the race was a more open affair than was anticipated. C. B. Kingsbury, who won in 1912, was not a starter, but twenty-three were sent off on the race, and although the time was the fastest championship time on record, 2hr. [illegible] 53 2-5sec., it was 22min. 55 [illegible] behind the amateur record put up by C. H. Bartlett at Herne Hill in 1911. It was no disgrace to lose the race this year, seeing that the [illegible] five arrivals were only separated by six inches. The following were so close up that they could not be placed, and the eleven who finished were within the standard time of 2hr. 10min. Smith, the South African, was placed fifth.

SCOTTISH ATHLETICS.

Tremendous attendances have been drawn by athletic meetings in Glasgow in two consecutive weeks—[illegible] entering the Ibrox Park and the Celtic Park respectively. The athletic meetings engineered by the two celebrated Association football clubs—the Rangers and the Celtic—have always been popular, and [illegible] there is a [illegible] of fare provided. On the first Saturday in August, Applegarth was in grand fettle, but later at the Ibrox he was successful in record breaking. An attempt by Thistleland has never done the furlong in evens [illegible] which Applegarth did. Yet the British champion was [illegible] placed in the handicap. G. Nicol also did 500 yards [illegible] such time as will take rank as a Scottish record, his time being just outside the record of 58½secs. All over the country athletic meetings are popular up to a certain point, Scotland triumphs. Compared with the recent championship meeting, when the competition was [illegible] much of the International element.

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YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Sept. 6th

FOR COUPON AND CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE.

get the people at their sports. As in all other sport- events, however, London cannot concentrate its attention one particular event, as is possible in provincial towns.

ON THE RIVER.

and river girls have had a glorious time of pastimes of sculling and punting by ladies are followed increasingly. Ladies' events at regattas are becoming more frequent, and the in for solid and systematic training. The championships for the year attracted quite the cus-, even though the professional title was anti- such a sure-thing for F. Nichols, who has been e 1909. From 1877, the championship having 1876, till 1890, Abel Beesley, of Oxford, was then the brothers Haines usually succeeded e.

sborough, then W. H. Grenfell, was amateur from 1888 to 1890, and other familiar names which fol- include "Beau" Rixon, Colin Romaine, Mullins, ker, and Covell. J. A. C. Croft beat both Covell and ker this year, and assumes the role of champion.

JOKES COMPETITION.

The winner of this competition for the current week is—

MR. V. SPOONER,
38, Albion Terrace, Horsham, Sussex.

I was rather disappointed in that gentleman you introduced to me last night.
Indeed! How so?
Why, you spoke of him as a bridge expert, and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer.

* * *

The reason why truth is stranger than fiction is that with many people it is less frequent.

* * *

Some inherit kisses, lovers exchange them, old men steal them.

* * *

Wits are sometimes sharpened on dull minds.

* * *

A girl is known by the secrets she keeps—telling.

* * *

The couple is the married couple who occupy a house in which there is room for doubt.

* * *

Every kiss breeds the germs of alimony.

* * *

There is plenty of room at the top because many people get dizzy and fall off.

* * *

When you are stupid handling people without gloves it is time before you tackle a live-wire.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

—We know nothing against the correspondence school which has been established about a year. As to benefit upon the particular course you contem-

suggestion, which we are considering, though not reading any of Mr. Hall Caine's "master- "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," but we nastiness which it would be impossible then we don't profess to stand on a

rather premature for us to state before a match has been played.

man who in reviewing a new book eighs 14lb."

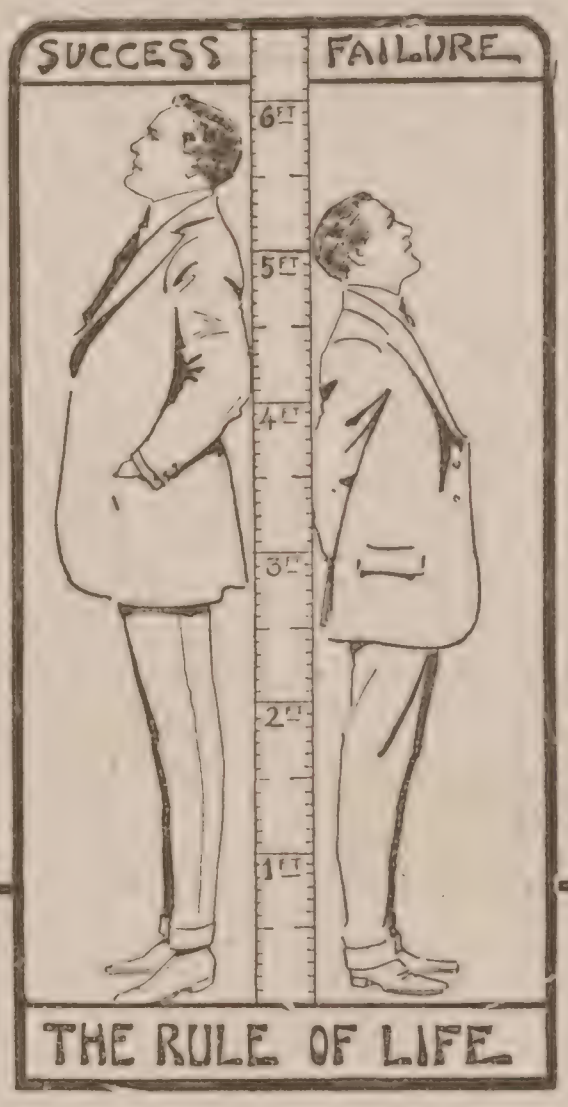
if there is enough blue in the sky trousers, it will be fine for the rest not state whether it will be fine for a make a suit.

no business to send us the hen's body. It cost us 2s. 6d. in disinfectants.

might as well tell a chap who goes bathing on with him, for fear he gets wet.

—Sorry cannot give you an introduction to our Yarmouth. He's a shy man!

he's so smart, ask him what two numbers multi- seven. In all probability he won't know.



It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the Increase of Height,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The new account has started well, money is cheaper, and the risk from new issues is being increasingly felt in the Stock Exchange.

* * *

Stock markets all round have enjoyed almost a buoyant advance, and dealers are confidently hoping that the rise will induce greater activity. It is a bit early to anticipate a continued rise in prices, as the public are still holiday-making.

* * * *

Americans have been quite buoyant and Home Rails have made substantial headway.

* * *

Brighton Deferred are ½ to 3 points up, and similar scores have been recorded by Great Northern and South-Eastern Deferred.

* * *

Both the old Undergrounds have been heavily dealt in, and Great Central Pref. are again attracting the speculator. It is quite clear there is a shortage of railway stock, and as soon as the public come to market we shall see some rapid rises.

* * *

Americans have been very bullish. The market has been reassured by the announcement of the usual 10 per cent. on Unions, and this stock at one time touched $160. I am pleased to learn many of my readers bought at $148 on my advice.

* * *

Steels have been good, also Amalgamated Copper, and my little favourites, Eries, have again shot ahead. I cannot, however, help warning readers wishing to deal in Yankees, that we may see a sharp reaction after the big rises that have taken place, and then will be the time to get in.

* * *

I want readers with spare money to invest to communicate with me with reference to a most promising investment from which the yield is likely to be 20 to 30 per cent. during the next two or three years.

* * *

There has been a short recovery from the very low prices recorded for Mexican Rails, but this market is too dangerous to deal in until the air is cleared of the rebellion trouble.

* * *

Good business is still being done in Oils, Shells and Spies being the best here.

* * *

Rubber shares have cheered up again on the more satisfactory auction sales.

* * *

Bear covering and a little speculative buying helped prices, Rubber Trusts, Linggis and Vallambrosa leading the advance.

* * *

Interest in the mining market has been mainly confined to Rhodesian and Tin shares.

* * *

Those who bought Chartereds at 17s. to 18s. have reason to congratulate themselves.

* * *

In reply to enquiries Ida H. are a mere gamble.

* * *

An interesting feature in the Nigerian group has been the renewed demand for Ropps, which for some time past have been very quiet. The demand for these shares lifted the price a ¼ and advances have also been scored by Champions, Noraguta Extended, Keffi and Tin Areas.

* * *

The report of the English Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company is now public property, and the net profit for 1912 is given as £413,294 against £141,717 for 1911.

* * *

A part of the year's profit, it is stated, was derived from the realisation of shares, and the directors have appropriated £100,000 of it to create a reserve fund.

* * *

A final dividend of 10 per cent. on the Preference and Ordinary Shares has been declared, which makes 17 per cent. for the year on the Preference and 20 per cent. on the Ordinary, which received the same rate for 1911.

It is quite clear they could have paid ... dividend on the Ordinary, but they have wisely ... for it must be borne in mind the considerable ... this year has been brought about, as mentioned ... the realisation of shares which it may not be ... repeat.

* * *

There is very little business doing among Indus... the best feature here has been Brazilian Tracti... have risen some three or four points since I last ... them.

* * *

Calico Printers remain at 12s. to 13s., despite ... increased profit shown for this year.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Meredith.—You can deal with perfect safety through "... Exchange."

H. E. (Liverpool).—I agree it is very foolish that the ... do not make a statement in view of the various rumours ... which have caused frightened holders to sell. The monthly ... shown such considerable improvement that I cannot help ... rumour is unfounded, but I should not like to say anything ... is best to wait for the Directors' report.

S. E. (Sydenham).—Do not sell your National Steam Cars. Spies ... right, also Shell Transport.

J. R. (Islington).—Sheba Gold are well worth buying. See the ... in this week's notes.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ... ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE ... WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

Richard Wootton, the well-known trainer, intends to remain in this country during 1914. After then he will leave the Cadwell House training establishment in charge of his friends Frank and Stanley, on whose behalf he has purchased property and who intend to reside permanently in England. Mention of the clever Colonial trainer reminds me that negotiations are in progress for the sale of Lomond for stud purposes, and a well-known Newmarket veterinarian has passed the son of Desmond as sound for the stud. An American is the likely buyer.

Mr. A. Whalley has had a fine chance of reducing the lead which "Danny" had secured. It was not until the Folkestone meeting, however, that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's jockey threw the spell of ill-luck that has stuck to him for so long, which at some time or other comes to the lot of most prominent riders. On the concluding day of the Kent meeting he made good use of the opportunity by steering the mounts of four events, three carrying the dark blue and yellow colours of his master. The success of Frisette, Slip Knot, Census enabled a triple hat trick to be brought off, as the other animals mentioned were prepared by T. Cannon, jun. Slip Knot, the Ascot Gold Cup winner of 1909, has returned to England from Germany and intends to ride as free lance this season, but is open to take a retainer for 1914. He will ride at the handy weight of 7st. 5lb., having put on little weight during his sojourn abroad. By having mounts with Letcombe Regis, Wantage establishment, con-

Lord Decies has had the misfortune to lose his four-year-old Capercailzie who sustained a broken leg during the course of the Nottinghamshire Handicap. The son of Bar-

Bard and Bad Mark was considered useful, and having won good races in Ireland had been nominated for the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire and Great Yorkshire handicaps.

Mr. R. A. Brice, who was equally well known on the coursing field and the racecourse, has passed away at an advanced age. With regard to his connection with thoroughbreds Mr. Brice will be best remembered through Forfarshire, who was the unlucky horse in Diamond Jubilee's Derby.

Again we shall have plenty of racing, as Wolverhampton is down for decision on Monday; Wolverhampton and Stockton, Tuesday; Bath and Stockton, Wednesday and Thursday; Hurst Park being given a clear fixture on Friday and Saturday. The principal handicap of the week is the Champion Sprint race, to be decided on the concluding day of the last-named meeting.

Figuring amongst the entries for the Hurst Park race are last year's winner and second, Minehead and Quantock. Both proved successful when last seen out, and as Minehead, despite a 5lb. penalty, has now 7lb. the better of the weights he should again account for Mr. Tatem's four-year-old, even allowing for the fact that the younger animal is capable of the more improvement. Besides Minehead, Mr. Winans can be represented by Sir Martin, but I prefer the former. The honour of being top-weight has been allotted to Prester Jack, who is undoubtedly a smart horse, and I prefer him to F. Hartigan's other candidate, Scotch Duke, who disappointed at Lewes. Braxted, who was interfered with in the Stewards' Cup, holds a useful chance on his Ascot performances. Mr. H. P. Whitney, as usual, has entered a batch in Harmonicon, Borrow, Meeting House and Panasine. Of this quartette I like the chances of the first two mentioned. Harmonicon, who finished a good fourth to Lord Annandale at Goodwood, had Braxted, Mediator, Giant and Sir Martin in the rear, and should again account for them. Borrow is allowed 15lb. from The Angel Man for a two-length beating at Liverpool, and this liberal allowance should enable the American-bred gelding to reverse the placings with Mr. "Tommy" Edge's greatly improved son of The Tinman. Others worthy of mention are Sporty and Daly's, and of the pair I prefer the former, as Daly's has had a hard time of it lately. Mr. Sol. Joel's

Don't Be Known as "Little So-and-So."

A fine, tall, well-developed man invariably gets on in the world because he impresses his personality on all with whom he comes in contact. The short, insignificant-looking man, on the other hand, generally passes unnoticed, or else is dismissed with the casual title of **"Little-So-and-So."** There is so little difference between a short man and a tall man. A man of 5 foot 7 inches is short; a man of 5 foot 10 inches is tall. Think of it! Three inches make all the difference!

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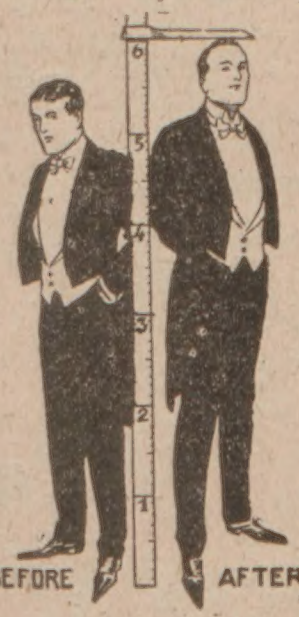

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candidate, which has been successful in his last three races in fine style, was sent to Goodwood, but gave way to Poor Boy and returned without competing. As the last-named then proved capable of winning and is considered inferior to

SPORTY,

I take the last-mentioned horse as my selection with some degree of confidence.

My other selections are:—

WOLVERHAMPTON—Monday.
Wolverhampton Handicap: Amador.
Kingswinford Plate: Melton Prior.

Tuesday.
Wrottesley Plate: San Franciscan.
Bradford Handicap: Indian Mail.

STOCKTON—Tuesday.
Stockton Handicap: Ben Wyvis.
Wynyard Plate: Corcyra.

Wednesday.
Steward's Plate: Sobieski.
Hardwicke Stakes: King's Scholar.

Thursday.
Middlesbrough Plate: Canzone.
Wilton Handicap: Giulio Romano.

BATH—Wednesday.
Sprint Handicap: Dono.
Brockham Plate: Steady Trade.

Thursday.
Dodington Handicap: Pickmore.
Grosvenor Handicap: Rather Bolder.

HURST PARK—Friday.
August Handicap: Sobieski.
Earlsfield Handicap: Knight of Tredennis.

Saturday.
Vyner Handicap: Happy Johnny.
Walton Handicap: Bridge of Sighs II.

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(STEWARDS CUP SWEEP 1913)
C. J. Coulter, 1, St. George's Road, Kingston Hill.
W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.
J. J. Richards, 9, Shannon Grove, Brixton, S.W.
A. B. Wyatt, 3, Palmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.
C. Colchin, Junr., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent.
F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.
T. Phillips, 34, The Park, Treharris.
W. H. Cowdery, Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

WINNER OF £200:
C. M. Davies, Whitby House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven.

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E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales.
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W. C. Turtle, Knights, *Via* Germiston, Transvaal.
WINNER OF £50
E. Rossiter, 40, Ferntower Road, Newington Green, London, N.

"JOHN BULL" Feb. 1, 1913, says:—
"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from beginning to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square and above board."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I have no wish to hurt the feelings of any respectable man, but the compositor working on this column made a grievous error in the setting up of last week's matter where I was holding forth on the question of homespuns.

* * *

I wrote about the "warp" and "weft" of which homespuns were composed, and the compositor set the words as "warp" and "web."

* * *

To those who understand weaving and its technicalities the error would be self-evident, and to those who do not I suppose it did not matter.

* * *

I do not know whether any of my readers have observed the phenomenon, but noticing it recently I have kept my eye on the point, and it is extraordinary to see how many shabbily dressed men in evening dress wear their trousers too short.

* * *

Whether this is supposed to be "up-to-date," or whether the morning dress braces are attached to the evening dress trousers without re-adjustment of length, or whether the tailor who built a good coat was a failure on the trousers I do not know. However, there are one or two pointers to be made out of the subject.

* * *

One is: For evening dress, have a special pair of braces, of white silk, adjusted to the right length, and keep them attached to the evening dress trousers.

If these braces should by accident show underneath the coat the white silk looks all right against the white shirt.

* * *

The next point is for the tailor, whether he is the actual cutter or whether he employs one (or more).

A cutter may produce first-rate coats and very doubtful trousers, and a great many tailors seem to me contented so long as their coats are beyond reproach.

* * *

The master tailor, for the sake of his trade connection and good recommendation, should know that his cutter is a good man on both coats and trousers, or have a separate and distinct and good man for each department.

* * *

A third point is, when trying on a suit both tailor and customer should make a point, even at the expense of a little time and trouble, of trying on the trousers.

An inch in length of coat matters little, but the erring inch in length of trousers is a serious matter.

* * *

I have written a good deal in this column about what the tailor should and should not do for his customers. Now I want to tell customers of some things they should do for the tailor.

* * *

The idea of trying to do the tailor a good turn, if I could, came to me when seeing a young friend through the process of getting a new rig-out, after a ten-years' term of service in India.

* * *

At the measurement stage he stood at his utmost stretch of height and with as much extra atmosphere in his lungs as would fill a small balloon, and distended his chest by a good three inches.

* * *

This sort of thing is no good to the tailor. If he is not a man of experience who discounts the measurements he is calling out to the clerk, he is thrown out entirely in his cutting.

* * *

In the coat, the chest measurement governs the entire garment, and this must therefore be the natural and ordinary measurement if the coat is going to be a success.

* * *

In the trousers, if the inside leg measurement is not taken at the customer's usual and ordinary carry of himself, then the finished bags are on the ground.

* * *

If, therefore, you wish your suit to be a success without repeated trys-on, loss of time to you, and loss of time, money and temper to the tailor, stand for measurement in your ordinary and customary attitude, neither slouched nor braced up, neither tight nor slack.

SWEEPSTAKES.

We daily receive enquiries from readers respecting sweepstakes that are now being run for the St. Leger. To win some thousands of pounds with an outlay of a few shillings is very tempting, but there are so many bogus sweepstakes that we must give a note of warning. The few genuine affairs we know, and if only readers will make enquiry of us before buying tickets they will be able to subscribe to those where they will have a fair run for their money.

* * *

Old Isaac died, and eventually arrived at the gates of Heaven. The Recording Angel asked him his name, and proceeded to look up his past record. Isaac appeared to be thinking, and this prompted the Angel to ask him what he was thinking about. "Oh, I was just wondering how to get my shirt on over my wings," replied Isaac. "Hm!" said the Angel, closing his book with a snap, "Your trouble will be how to get your hat on over your horns! Get!"

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POPULAR FOOTBALL AND OUR BIG PRIZE

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Sept. 6th, and to first prize of £2 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches giv the coupon we will award £2 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, September 6th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 1 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, Sept. 5th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £2 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £2 a week life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No.

Matches to be played on Saturday, September 6th. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN	v. LIVERPOOL.
BOLTON	v. OLDHAM.
BRADFORD CITY	v. ASTON VILLA.
CHELSEA.	v. TOTTENHAM.
DERBY COUNTY	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
EVERTON	v. PRESTON NORTH END.
SUNDERLAND	v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
BIRMINGHAM	v. BRADFORD.
BRISTOL	v. STOCKPORT.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v. FULHAM.
GRIMSBY	v. NOTTS COUNTY.
HUDDERSFIELD	v. BURY.
LEEDS CITY	v. GLOSSOP.
LINCOLN CITY	v. BARNSLEY.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. PORTSMOUTH.
GILLINGHAM	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
NORWICH	v. NORTHAMPTON.
PLYMOUTH	v. CARDIFF.
READING	v. MILLWALL.
WEST HAM	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and t accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

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